

*E. L. Murray
Jan 25 1887*

THE SACRED

SONGS OF THE GAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Hymns, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.



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NOTE.—This is, so far as known, the First Collection of Highland Sacred Melodies published, but the vein of such Music has been found so rich and interesting, that if this Publication is well received, a second Part will shortly be added. The Compiler tenders his cordial thanks to all who have assisted in collecting and comparing Tunes.

1—LUCHD-TURUIS NA BEATHA—LIFE'S PILGRIMS.



Nach faic thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fhuaireadh that na stuidhuan beut - ach?
Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

KEY: f | d d : r : m m : - : s . m | r : d : r m : - : d l : d : l s : - : d . m | r : - : - d : - -
F. : d d : t : d d : - : m . d t : d : t d : - : m l f : l : f s : - : s f : t : - : m : - -
F. : m s : s : s s : - : s . s s : m : s s : - : m d : d : d d : - : d t : t : - : d : - -
d m : r : d d : - : d . d s : l : s d : - : l f : f : f i m : - : m s : - : d : - -



Tha sonas is sith a lionadh gach cridh, 'S cha sgarar iad chaoidh bho chei - le.
But peacefully there all blessings they share, Sweet fellowship ne'er to sev - er.

f : s | l : d' : l s : - : s . m | r : d : l s : - : d l : d : l s : - : d . m | r : - : - d : - -
d : d d : d : d d : - : m . d t : d : d d : - : s l : f : f m : - : d : d t : t : - d : - -
m : f : l : f m : - : s f : m : f s : - : s . m d : d : d d : - : m . s s : - : f m : - -
d : f : f : f d : - : d s : l : f i m : - : m l f : l : f i d : - : d s : - : d d : - -

Tha't truaighean aig cridh, tha cruin air an cinn,
Gu binn tha iad seinne le eibhlneas,
Toirt moladh is elu dh' Fhear-saoraidh an ruin,
Thug sabhailt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

'Nuair theannan iad ri falbh bha'n t-slige dhaibh
dorch,
'S mu'n cuairt dhaibh bha'n stóirm a seideadh
Gu' robb ionamdh ni cur eagal 'nan cridh
Bha'm peacanna liomhorr eitidh.

Chaidh seapadh 's na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,
Is chumhaic iad glór an Treun-flir;
Le creideamh 'na ghradh 's na umhlachd 'nan ait,
Iad fein thug iad dha le eibhlneas.

Now free from all pain, in glory they reign,
With sweetest refrain high swelling;
His praises, who bore them safe to that shore,
Their songs evermore are telling.

They set out in fear, their journey seemed drear,
And tempests severe distressed them;
Dire trouble they found, dark night on them
frowned,
And sins all around sore pressed them.

Their terrors were quelled, their darkness dispelled,
God's light they beheld down-pouring;
With faith in His grace, they came to His place,
And fell on their face, adoring.

The verses are from JOHN MACLEAN'S "Saorsa tre fhuil an Uain," translated by L. MACBEAN. Slightly different versions of the air appeared in the "Popular Gaelic Melodies," and Professor BROWN'S "Thistle." The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING HAME.



Air dhomh bli sealteann air saoghal truagh Chi mi eaochadh tigh'n air gach nair,
In this puir warl', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ilk moment claim,

KEY: [S: : s₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | d :- : r.d | l₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : r | m :- : r.m | s :- : m.r | d :- : l₁ | s₁ :-]
[M: : M₁ | m₁ :- : f₁ | s₁ :- : s₁,s₁ | l₁ :- : f₁ | M₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁,f₁ | M₁ :- : f₁ | M₁ :-]
B7: [d :- : d | d :- : t₁,d | d :- : d | d :- : r | d :- : s | m :- : d.t₁ | d :- : d | d :- :]
[d₁ | d₁ :- : f₁ | m₁ :- : r.m | f₁ :- : f₁ | d :- : t₁ | d :- : t₁,d | d :- : s,s₁ | l₁ :- : f₁ | d :- :]



Chi mi daoine a cur an cul riunn, 'Sa dol gu dluth chum an Dachaiddh Bhuan.
Where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Hame,

[r | m :- : r.m | s :- : m.r | m :- : r | d :- : r.m | s₁ :- : l₁ | d :- : r.d | l₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ :-]
[s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁,s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁,s₁ | s₁ :- : f₁ | s₁ :- : s₁,s₁ | f₁ :- : f₁ | M₁ :-]
[r | d :- : t₁,d | d :- : d.t₁ | d :- : t₁ | d :- : t₁,d | m :- : r | d :- : t₁,d | d :- : t₁ | d :- :]
[t₁ | d :- : s₁ | m₁ :- : s₁,s₁ | d₁ :- : r₁ | m₁ :- : r₁,d₁ | d₁ :- : f₁ | m₁ :- : r₁,m₁ | f₁ :- : s₁ | d₁ :- :]

Tha sean is og a dol sios do'n ualgh,
Air lag's air laidir tha'm bas toirt buaidh,
Nuair thig an t-am dhaith air saoghal fhagadh,
Ma'n time no sian lad, cha tanadh iad uair.

Ach 's rabhadh mor sud do chadh e'n t-slugh
's mitich dhomhas gun chur fad nam,
Tha rabhadh garbh ann bhí deas fu' galbh as
Oir tha'n taigh talmhaidh gu tigh'n na nuas.

Ach ma's firean thu thuin am fuaim,
's do'n d'rinneadh prisean al Ti thug bnaidh,
Tha 'g iarradhimeachd an ceum na firinn,
Is t' aghaidh direach air Sion shuas;
'S na h-uile cnis anna am bi ort feum,
's e fantuinn dluth ris, fo sgáil a sgéil,
Ehir ort gun giulan thu h-uile cnis diubh,
Nuair bhithreas do shuil ris na d'fhuiling e.

Is ged tha chairdean an ao air chuirnt
Eadar e ap aird iad, is cheilbh iad dinis;
Nuair thig an las theid iad suas ga Parris,
'S b' iad gu brath aig an Dachaiddh Bhuan.

Baith young an' auld tae the grave are ta'en,
Baith weak an' bauld death will mak' his ain,
In health or sickness, in peace or anger,
They can nae langer on earth remain.

A solemn warnin' is this tae a',
That I mann never pit far awa'
But eye be ready, for this is tellin'
The earthly dwellin' is sune tae fa'.

But if we ken the sweet joyfu' soun',
An' ha'e our treasure in Jesus foun',
An' tread the pathway o' truth an' blessin'
Still forward pressin', tae Zion boun',
In ilka trial we ha'e tae bear
We'll nestle near Him, there's shelter there,
For if we trust Him, whate'er betide us,
He'll save an' guide us for ever mair.

His frien's on earth He will ne'er disclaim,
But bring wi' joy a' that lo'e His name,
Frae His dear presence nae mair tae sever,
But share for ever His Lasting Hame.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer, and harmonized by Mr MURRAY, Glasgow.

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3—AN AISEIRIGH—THE RESURRECTION.

Solemn expression.

Air meadh-on oidhch' nuair bhos an saogh'! Air aomadh thairis ann an suain,
At midnight when a slumber deep Has ov - er man and nature passed,

KEY: (m₁) l₁ : - . l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . t₁ | l₁ : - . l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | l₁ : - .
(m₂) m₁ : - . m₁ | f₁ : l₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | m₁ : - .
B_n: d d : - . d | d : d | d : - . l₁. se₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . d | d : - . d | d : - . se₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : l₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | f₁ : - .
(. l₁) l₁ : - . l₁ | f₁ : f₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | l₁ : - . se₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : l₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | f₁ : - .

Grad dhuisgear suas an ciann - e-daoin' Le guth na trom-paid 's airdé fuaim.
Mankind shall be awaked from sleep, By sound of the last trumpet's blast.

(. m₁) m₁ : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . r | m : f | m : - . r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - .
(. m₂) d₁ : m₁ | m₁ : m₁ | m₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - . f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | d₁ : - .
. se₁ l₁ : d | d : d | d : - . r | m₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . l₁ | l₁ : se₁ | l₁ : - .
(. m₁) l₁ : l₁ | d : l₁ | l₁ : - . s₁ | d₁ : - . f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | d₁ : - . r₁ | m₁ : m₁ | l₁ : - .

Air neul ro ard ni fhoilseach' fén,
Ard-aingeal treum le trompaid mhóir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saoghl gu lér,
Iad a ghrád éiridh chum a' mhoid.
Seididh e le sgál cho cruidh,
'S gu'n cuir e sléibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Clisgídh na bhos marbh 'san naigh,
Is na bhos beò le h-uamhunn crith.
Le h-osaig dhointionnach a bhéil
An saogh! so bháidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhuin an t-seangail dot na ghluais,
Grad bhruchdáidh 'n uagh & níos a' mairbh.
Moscáidh na fireannach an tús,
Is dhuisgear iad gu lér o'n suain,
An anamacha turlingidh o ghloir,
Gá'n comhlichadh aig beul na h-uaigh.
Le aoibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
Ta 'am am fiuglaidh orra dlu;
Is mar chraobh-mheas fo iomlan bláth
Tha dreach an Slánaighear 'nan guis.
Ach daoine naibhreach leis gur b' fhíu
Gu 'n umhaileachadh iad-féin do Dhia;
O! faic a mis' iad air an glún;
A' deamach urningach ris gach siabhd.
'N sin togaidh aingeal glorúnaidh suas,
Ard bhrataich Chriost da'n suaines full,
A chruimneachadh na ghluais sa' choir
'S d'a fulangas rhinn dògh is bun.

A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.
Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.
This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.
The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb.
They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.
But haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!
Then shall a glorious angel raise
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,
To gather those that loved His ways
And made His sufferings their plea.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is of Ossianic origin, and a good version of it was recovered by the late J. F. CAMPBELL of Islay. The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

4—GLOIR AN UAIN—THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.

KEY: l:1 | r:r:r|f:-:s|l:-:l | l:s:f|s:-:f|m:r:d|d:-:-:-:d|r:r:r|f:-:s|

D. Tha Sion a'seinn co binn's is urrainn, Toirt mile urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air a ghaol nach Hark! Sion loud rings her King's high praises, She sings and raises her voice His power to proclaim who

{ l:-:l | l:s:f|s:-:s|d':t:l|s:-:-:l.l|r:r:r|r:-:f|s:-:f|m:r:d|

caochail tuille; 'Se shaor i buileach o'n truagh; Hallelujah gu buan aig sluagh nam flaitheas A' come to aid her, His fame who made her His choice. Hallelujahs prolong the song that's given A-

{ s:-:f|m:r:d|d:-:-:d|r:r:r|f:-:s|l:-:f|s:1:d'|l:-:f|s:f|m|r:-:|-|

euairteach' eathair an Righ, 'S na teamas an t-Uan de'n t-sluagh air thaladh, So'n flusinui taris an cridh. mong high heaven's bright host; And all who would here live near to Jesus, That dear sound pleases them mact.

O, 's beag a chaidh Inniadh dhe bhnaidhean taitneach,
Measg sluagh 's tu's maisich na cach,
'S tn's maisich na ghrian, 's tu miann nan chneach,
'S do bhriathran siileadh le gras;
Is tn meangan cliniteach, ur, dh'has fallain,
'S tu lu' gu talamh o ghloir;
'S an toradh a ghulainn thu, ma shireas,
Gheibh Indhach 's cinnich dhé coir.

'Se ghaol a bha siornnidh riaraich sinne,
Is Dia bhi leinne 's an feoil;
Is cupan a ghaol bi taomadh thairis,
'Se saor dha 'r n-anam ri ol;
Tha aimhnechan solais, ghormhor, fallain,
Tigh'n beo o charraig nan al,
So'm flor-uisge beo chuireas eol's gach anam .
A dh'olás glan e ìnar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an druidch, ni's cubhraidh na oladh
'S o d'Innamus thig solus is gras,
'S tha britharan du bheil mar cheir na meala
Toirt sgéant d'ar n-anam air slaint'.
'S tu Ieomhann treubh Iudah, flur nan gaigseach,
'S tu dhnuig a mach as an uaimh;
'S bith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n an stol fo d'chosainb
'S do mhórachd marcachd le bnaidh.

Oh ! who can declare how fair and gracious,
How rare and precious His worth?
That Branch of Renown with crown of blessing,
Weighed down and pressing to earth,
The Faithful and True, the Dew on Sion,
And Judah's Lion most strong,
The Arm of the Lord, the Word most glorious,
With sword victorious o'er wrong.

The love He bestowed long flowed high swelling,
For God was dwelling in flesh;
Those streams full and free that we inherit,
The weary spirit refresh.
We joy in Thy sight, Delight of Nations,
Whose mighty salvation has won,
Sweet Star, pure and bright, our night adorning,
Our Light of Morning and Sun.

We praise Thee, O Lord, adored of heaven,
Whose word has given us breath,
Thy greatness is ours, Thy powers unending
Are towers defending from death.
O Mighty to save ! all favour giving,
Thou ever-living "I am,"
Creation shall rise loud praise resounding,
For ay surrounding the Lamb.

From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

5—LAOIDH MOLAIDH—HYMN OF PRAISE.

D.C.

C. A.

KEY: f | f : - . m | l : f | m : - | r : m | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - }

Shlánúighear ro ghlor mhor, Mo threoir ged bha mi mall,

Bu tu fear-stiùraidh m' òi - ge, Gu m' threibreach anns gach ball;

O Lord, I sing Thy prais - es, Who art my strength and stay,

My lead - er through life's maz - es, To bring me to Thy way:

f : r . m | f : - . s | l : l | d' : - | l : l | d' : - . d' | r' : d' . r' | m' : - | - }

S' na'n | d' flag thu mi 's an uair sin, Bu truagh dhomh bhos is thall,

Thou didst not leave me stray - ing When I a - far would go,

{ m' . r' | d' : - . r' | d' : l . s | f : - | l : l . s | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - }

'S mi cluich air bruaichain eibh - inn, Is naeh bu leir dhomh'm call!

With heed - less footsteps play - ing Up - on the brink of woe!

Oir dh'fhoillisch thu do gloir dhomh
'S bha mais' guleoir 'n ad ghuinis,
'S nuair thairt thu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann
Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;
Is grian 's is sgàth do lathareachd,
Is bheir thu gràs is glòr,
'S na gheibh bhi ann ad fhabhoir
Eileir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

Mo charaidh thu, na fag mi,
'S an fasach stiùir mo cheum,
Thoir neart a reir an là dhomh.
Na fag-sa mi 's na treig;
Is nuair ni time mo bhualadh,
'S nach dean a slugh dhomh feum,
Dear thus' mo leabaidh suaimhneach,
A' cluinniant luaidh ort fein.

Nusair thionailseas mo chairdean,
'S an uaigh 'g am charamh sios,
Bidh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,
Gus an la an tig thu ris;
Bi dluth troinbh gheann a' bhàis domh,
"S a ghaol, na fag-sa mi
Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghoilur thu
Fad shiorruidheachd mhor gun chrich.

For Thou, Thy glory showing,
Madest me Thy beauty see;
Thy love has been bestowing
New life and joy on me.
Thou grace and glory givest,
Thou art a Sun and Shield,
Thou only ever livest,
Thy words salvation yield.

O Lord, do not forsake me,
But guide me as a friend,
And strong in heart still make me,
For what Thy love may send.
When seized by sore diseases,
Which no kind hand allays,
Make Thou my bed, Lord Jesus,
And hear me sing Thy praise.

When friends, with grief high swelling,
Have laid me 'neath the sod,
The grave shall be my dwelling,
Until the day of God.
Through death's dark vale victorious,
Oh, let me lean on Thee,
And let me see Thee glorious,
Through all eternity.

6—AN T-AITE BH' AIG EOIN—WHERE JOHN LAY.

KEY: M | S :- : M | S :- : M | d :- : r | M :- : M | r :- : r | d :- : t | d :- : - | - : M | S :- : f | M :- : S |

E 9. { Si nigh - can Shi - on's fearr dheth, 'si fluair am fa - bhoir mor, Ehi tigh inn as an }
How blessed Si - on's daugh - ter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-

{ d' :- : - | r' :- : d' | d' :- : s | l :- : f | s :- : - | - : M | S :- : f | M :- : S | d' :- : - | r' :- : d' }
phasach, is Fear a graidh 'n a coir, . . Cha'n iarrainns' tuille fa - bhoir no
lov - ed, her nev - er - failing stay! It is the greatest bless - ing for

{ d' :- : t | l :- : s | S :- : - | - : M | S :- : M | S :- : M | d :- : r | M :- : M | r :- : d | t :- : r | d :- : - | - : ||
gras an tir nam beo, . . Ach luidh air uchd an t-Slan'gheir, an tait'annsan robh Eoin.
which I ev - er pray, . . To lean on Jesus' bo - som, where John at supper lay. ||

Ehiodh am broileach blath sin'g am arach 's bhithinn
beo,
Le neart nam briathran grasmhor ri'n iarraidh b'hearr
na'n t'er,
Phiodh m'nam an a shasach le pairt de'n aran beo,
'Nuair gheibhinn bhi to sgall-san, an t-aít anns an robh
Eoin.

Cha b'eagail team an tra' sin gach namhaidh th' air mo
thoir,
'S gu'm b'o do ghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaint
's mo threocin,
Cha sgaradh breath' no has mi gr brath o ghaol eo mor,
Bha cordan grайл co laidir 'an aít' anns an robh Eoin.
'S nuair dh'fhainneas mo bhuaidhean 's midol thoirt
suas an deo,
Cha dean Eigh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh mat 's thu beo,
Nuair bhios mo chridhe failinn 's mi fagail gleann nan
deoir,
Bu mhath an icabaidh bhais sud bli anns an aít' bh'aig
Eoin.

'S ma dhuisgeas mi 'n a ionmhaigh fo dhion 's an latha
mhór,
'S fein 'n a sgáil 's n'a ghrian domh, 's mi riaraichte gu
leoir,
Chaitheann an t-siorruidheachd's cha'n iarrainn tuille
gloir,
Ach suidhe sios fo sgail 's an aít' anns an robh Eoin.

Then would that loving bosom my trembling form
enfold,
I'd hear His words most gracious, more precious far
than gold;
I'd feed on living bread, and His loving face behold,
When laid beneath His shadow where John reclined
of old.

Nor death nor life could tear me from love so leal and
long,
When hidden there I'd fear not the enemy's angry
throng.
For then the strength He wieldeth would all to me
belong,
And oh! where John was lying the cords of love are
strong.

And when my life is ebbling, my earthly journey o'er,
Thy love shall never fail me when terrors press me sore,
When passing through the valley whence I return no
more,
Oh, happy were my death-bed where John reclined of
yore.

If I waken in Thy likeness when Thy great day has shone,
With Thee for sun and shield when the earth and seas
are gone,
Oh, this is what my heart would be ever set upon,
To sit beneath Thy shade in the place Thou gav'st to
John.

7—AM BAS—DEATH.

Solemnly.

D.C.



KEY: S_i | s_i : l_i : d | r : - : f | s : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l_i : - : f_i | s_i : - : - | d : - |
A. T. Se mo bheachd ort, a Blaids, Gur bras' thu ri pait, 'S guin teachdaire laid - ir tréun thn,
 An cog-adh no'm blar Cha toir-eas do shair, 'S aon duine cha'n flair do threig - siuu.
 O Death, thou art still A herald of ill, Thy grasp, hard and chill, ne'er fail - oth;
 Whare warri - ors fight Thou shewest thy might, To shun thee no flight a - vail - eth.



{f: m | f : m : f | s : - : s | l : s : m | r : - : d | f : m : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | s : - }
 Ach's teachdair ro dhán Thu tighinn os áird, Oir buailidh tu stataibh's deir - ean,
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



{f: s | l : s : m | s : - : m | r : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l_i : - : f_i | s_i : - : - | d : - }
 Cha bhacar le pris Air ais thu a ris 'S tu dheasbhuidh ant mu'n teld thu.
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
 A mach bho na bhainn,
 Mu's faic iad an soilsí air eigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinnimh an oig,
 Mu'm, faodar am posadh eigeachd ;
 Ma's beag no ma's mor
 Ma's Sean no ma's og,
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

A Chumhachd a tha
 Cur h-ugainn a' bhais,
 Gun teagamh nach paighearn fheich da,
 Tha misneach is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
 Oir 's Athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhantraich fein e ;
 'S e'n Cruithearn a th' ann,
 A bhein gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreatair.

The babe at its birth,
 Ere sorrow or mirth
 It knows upon earth, thou takest ;
 For the maid to be wed,
 Ere to church she is led,
 An eerisome bed thou makest.
 If old or if young,
 If feeble or strong
 In wisdom or wrong and error ;
 If small or if great,
 Whatever our state,
 We have the same fate of terror.

O Power, from whom
 Our sorrowful doom
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,
 How happy is he
 Whose confident plea
 On Thy promises free dependeth !
 Our Father Thou art,
 The widow's sure part,
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her ;
 All good is bestowed,
 All favour is shewed
 By our bountiful God and Maker.

8—AIDEACHADH—CONFSSION.

KEY. m | 1 : 1 | d' : - . t | 1 : 1 | s : - s | f : s | 1 : t | d' : t | 1 : - . }

Ez. { O ! Thigearn' is a Dhia na glór, An t-Ard-Righ mór os cennn gach sluaigh,
O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Above all nations mighty King !

{ 1 | d' : r' | m' : - . x' | d' : t | 1 : f. m | f : s | 1 : f . r | d : t | 1 : - . ||

Cia dàna ni air t-ainm ro mhòr Le bilih neò-ghlan bhi 'g a luaidh !
How dare my lips, un - ho - ly, sing Thy high and ho - ly name, o Lord ?

Am beachd do shùilean fiorghlan féin,
Cha 'n eil na reulta 's airdé glan ;
'S cha 'n eil na h-aingle 's naomha 'n glór,
'An lathain do Mhòrachdus gun smal.

Ach O an dean thu t-isleach' fén,
A dh'isdeachd cuimhne anns an tìr !
Fo stòl do chois a' gabhail támh,
'S nach faic ach sgàile beag do d' ghnuis.

Na lasadh t-fhearg O Dhia nam dul,
Am feadh a dheanam bràigh riut :
'S mo pheacadh aidiceam le nàir,
'S an truilleachd ghràineil anns 'n thuit.

Mo chiont tha mar na sléibhte mòr ;
Is leòn iad mi le iomadh lot :
Ta m'anam bochd le 'n eudhrom bràit,
'S o m' shùilidh fags' nam deura goirt.

Gach uile mhallaichd a ta sgrìobh,
A t-fhacl fior le bagradh teamm,
O Thigearn' thoill mi aig do làimh,
Gu'm biadh iad càrnach't air mo cheann.

Ged dh' fhàs na nèamban dubh le graim,
'S mo bhual' le tairneanach do neirt
Ged thig thu mi gu ifirinn shios,
Gu slorruidh aidiceam do cheart.

Gidheadh am feud an lasair threun
A sgòilteas as a chéil an tuil ;
Drùghadh orm troimh àmhlaichd Chrlasd,
'S mi gabhail dion a steach fo 'fhuil ?

Dean m' ionnlaidh glan, O Dhia na sith,
'S an tobair ioc-shlaint bhruichd a thaoibh,
A bheir dhomh beatha as a' bhàis
'S o m' thrullaidheidach a ni mi saor.

Seen by those purest eyes of Thine
How dim the stars of brightest sheen !
The holiest angels are unclean
Before Thy majesty divine.

But, oh ! wilt Thou Thyself abase
To hear an earthly worm like me,
Beneath Thy footstool, who can see
But dim reflections of Thy face ?

Lord, when I make my prayer to Thee,
When I my sins with sorrow tell,
And vileness into which I fell,
Let not Thy wrath enkindle be !

My guilt like mountains high appears,
That crush my soul beneath their weight,
It has me pierced with sorrows great,
And from mine eyes brought bitter tears.

The threatenings and the curses dread
Found written in Thy Word, O Lord,
My sins deserve they should be poured
In all their terrors on my head.

Although the skies grew black with gloom,
And all Thy thunders on me fell,
And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,
I would admit the righteous doom.

But can that flame that licks each flood
Have any power over me,
If Christ's obedience be my plea,
And I am sheltered by His blood ?

Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,
In healing waters from His side ;
Life from His death shall these provide,
And me from filthiness release !

9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



KEY f. s₁ | d . d : l₁ . s₁ | d : s₁ . s₁ | d : r ,m | d : - .r | m . m : d . m)
B2 Is | shad a rinn thu, shaoghal, Mo | shlaodadh mu'n cuairt, Mo chumail o'n Fhear-
 O world! thou long didst chain me, Fast bound to thy wheel, From Jesus to re-



{ s : m . r | d : m ,f | s : - .s | f . f : l . f | s : m . d)
 shaoraidh's a ghaol fho'ach uam; Nam faighinn-sa de'n ghaol sin Na }
 strain me, His love to conceal; If freed from thy de - stroy - ing Re-



{ s : m ,d | r : - .r | d . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : l₁ . d | m : f ,r | d : - . ||
 shaoradh mi uat, Bhiodh m' intinn tighinn beo Air a' ghloir sin tha ihus.
 straits by that love, My heart would be en - joy - ing The peace from above.

Phiodh m' intinn 's mo mhiann
 Air an Dia sin tha beo,
 An oighreachd a tha siorruidh,
 'S a ghlrian tha gun neoil,
 An tobar o'n tig slaint'
 Agus gaideachas mor,
 'S a ghaidean nach faillinn
 'S e Ard-Righ na gloir.

Nam faighinn tuille fabhoir
 Is gràs bheireadh buaidh,
 Bhiodh m' intinn a' tamh
 Anns an aros tha ihus,
 Ged bhithinn anns an feoil
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan
 Ri aon latha mor
 Anns nach comhlaich mi triagh.

Nam faighinn tuille naomhachd
 Is saorsa o'n Uan,
 'S tuille de 'n a ghaol sin
 A shaor mi o thruaigh
 Thaisginn mo chuid bir
 'S an tigh stair sin tha ihusas
 Far nach goid na meinlich
 'S nach enamh e le ruaidh.

My mind would be ascending
 To heaven's Highest One,
 The Kingdom never-ending,
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 Salvation's founts unfailing,
 Whence joys ever spring,
 The right arm all-prevailing,
 The great glorious King.

If love to me were given,
 And overcoming grace,
 My thoughts should be in heaven,
 In God's holy place;
 And though in flesh remaining,
 My hopes still should be,
 For that day ever straining,
 That brings bliss to me.

If I were made more holy,
 And more free by Christ,
 More pure and true and lowly,
 By His love unpriced,
 My hopes in Him should centre,
 My wealth should be stored
 Where thief nor rust can enter—
 The stores of the Lord.

From P. GRANT's hymn; translation by L. MACLEAN. The air belongs to this hymn, and was noted down for the present collection.

10—CUIREADH CHRIOSD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.

KEY: d | m : f | s :-d | d : r | m :-f | s : m | f :-r | d :-| - : d | m : f | s :-s }

D. { Tha daoine taghta ann le Dia, D'an d'fhug e ri amh a ghradh, Ged tha iad eiontach,
God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a

d' : m | f :-f | m : m : f :-r | s :-| - : s | s : f | m :-s | l : s | d' :-f }

{ callite, truagh, 'Sed truaillidh ole ri each, Tha tagha Dia 'n a uaigneas mor, Nach
sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be. God's choice is still a hidden thing, To

m : m | f :-l | s :-| - : s | d' : l | s :-d | d : r | m :-f | s : m | f :-r | d :-| - |

{ eol do dhuil fo'n ghrein; Cha riaghaithe deasainis le do neach, Ach reachd is soisgeul Dé.
sons of men unknown; The Law and Gospel of our King Must be our rule alone.

Tha cuireadh Chriosd 'n a fhacal fein,
 'S o bheul a theachdair, caomh,
 'Nuir ghabhar e 'n a aobhar-earbhs'
 D'ar n-anmaibh falath faoin;
 Co daingeann is co dearbh' le cheil'
 'S ged leughamaid 'n an uair
 Ar n-ainmeana gu leir fa ioth
 An Leabhar Heath' an Uain.

Theid neamh is talamh thart gun cheisid,
 Ach seasaigh facal Chriosd;
 A pheacach, eisid'r a chuireadh reidh
 'S gabb e le creideamh fior—
 "O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon
 Ta saothrachadh's fo' chlaoidh,
 A ta fo eallach throm 'fo chuail
 Is bheir mi suaimhneas duibh.
 "Mo chuing-sa ceangalibh ribh gu teamn,
 Is ionnsaichibh mo dhoigh;
 Oir tar mi macant' agus min
 An cridl' 'n an cleachadh fós;
 Is eirmisidh bhur n-anama truagh
 Air suaimhneas is air sceimhlé;
 Oir ta mo chuing-sa socrach caomh
 Is m'eallach astrom seamh."

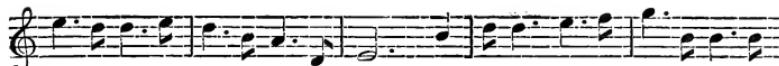
Christ's invitation, full and free,
 By Book and voice conveyed,
 When once accepted as our plea,
 On which our hopes are laid,
 In spite of sin and inward strife,
 We may as firmly claim,
 As if within the Book of Life
 We each could read our name.

Though heaven and earth shall disappear,
 Christ's word abideth sure;
 His loving call, O sinner, hear,
 And blessedness secure—
 "Come unto Me, ye weary ones,
 Who labour sore oppressed;
 Come, all men's heavy-laden sons,
 And I will give you rest;
 "Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
 The lessons I impart;
 My meek and gentle spirit see,
 And lowliness of heart;
 So shall your souls for ever live,
 At rest from toil and care;
 For easy is the yoke I give,
 My burden light to bear."

11—FULANGAS CHRIOSD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: F | S .S : - | S : - | t : -x | r : -x | s : -s | t : -t | t .l : - | - : t | s .s : - | s : -s |
C. Use fulang - as mo Shlanuigheir A bhith's mo dhan a luaidh, Mor irios—lachd an
 The sufferings of my Sav - iour I cel - ebrate and sing, The birth and meek be-



{ m' : -x' | r' : -m' | r' : -t | l : -x | m : - | - : t | r'.r' : - | m' : -f' | s' : -t | t : -t |
 Ard-Righ sin 'N a bhreith's 'n a bhás ro chruaidh. 'S e'n t-iongantas bu mhiorbhullich, Chaidh
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - seru - ta - ble That



{ r' : -t | l : -s | m : - | - : r | s : -x | m : -s | m' : -x' | r' : -m' | r' : -d' | t : -l | l : - | - |
 inuse riamh don't slugh, An Dia bha ann o shiorruidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chiochran truagh!
 human tongue can name, Th' E - ter - nal and Im-mu - ta - ble A sucking Child became!

'Nuair ghabht' am broinn na h-bighe e;
 Le comhnadh Spioraid Dé,
 A chum an Nádúr Daonna sin,
 A dheanamh aon ris fén;
 Ghabh e sgáil mu Dhiaidhchaidh
 'S de' BHRÍATHAR rinneadh feidh,
 Is dh' fhóilliach an rún diomhair sin,
 Am pearsa Chriosc le glór.

Rugadh 'an stábhlub diblidh e,
 Mar dhilleachdán gun treoir;
 Gun neach a dheanadh cárdeas ris,
 No bheireadh fardloch dhó,
 Gun mhuiintir bhi 'g a fhuíthealadh,
 No uidheam mar bhu chór;
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartachadh
 D' an dual gach uile ghlòir.

Bha tuill aig na sionnachaibh
 Gu'm falachadh o theinn;
 Bha mid aig na h-eunlaithe
 An géogaibh árd nan crann;
 Ach e-sa a rinn uile iad,
 'S gach ní 's a' chrurinne ché,
 Bha e fén 'n a fhögarrach,
 Gun chomháidh aig fo'n ghréin.

Conceived in pure virginity
 By God the Spirit's might,
 He deigned with His divinity
 Our manhood to unite;
 He took on corporeity
 And flesh the WORD was made,
 The mystery of Deity
 In Jesus was displayed.

His birth was one of lowliness
 Within a stable bare,
 Which He, the Lord of holiness,
 With cattle had to share.
 No retinue attended Him
 In robes of brilliant hue,
 No tender hand befriended Him
 To whom all love is due.

The foxes had their hiding-place
 Where they could safely rest,
 The birds their own abiding-place
 In tall tree-tops possessed;
 But He, whose liberality,
 Gave them and all things birth,
 Was needing hospitality—
 A fugitive on earth.

Hymn by DUGALD BUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannoch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

12—ORAN MU LEANABH OG—A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

KEY: G
C. (Bha mi'm chadal gu blath Ann am fasgadh mo mhath'r, I'g am)
 lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her

{ phasgadh 's a lámh fo mo cheann, Thaining teachdair a bháis, Thuirt gu'n arm held me pressed to her side, When Death's herald came nigh To }

{ siubhlaina gu'n dál, 'S nach robh fiureach no tamh domh ann. call me on high, And no longer could I a - bide. }

Dhuising mo mhathair le gaoir,
 'S thuirt i "M'ailleagan gaoil,
 Ciod dh'fhairich thu? Cha'n fhaod thu falbh!"
 Rinn i greim orm cho teamh,
 Cha bhithheadh dealachdannam ann,
 'S me chridhe cho fann's mi balbh.

'Nuair dhuin iad mo shuil
 Thaing ainglean na chírt,
 'S thug iad mis' leo cho dulth's cho luath;
 Chaidh sinn troimh na glinn dorch'
 Far nach bu leir dhunibh bhur lorg,
 Ach thaing sonas nis orm bhitheas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair's mo mhath'r
 Meud mo shonas' an ait' s'
 Bhiodh iad tollich gun d'fhasg mi'n saoigh';
 'S bhiodh gach latha mar bliadhain'
 Gus am faigheadh iad trial,
 Gu co-chumna tu siorruinn buan.

Tha cuid so gach ait'
 Air ait' náloin le grás,
 As gach treulbh agus pairt de'n t-sluagh,
 Ach 's ann aca tha'n gaol
 Nach robb 'n leithid measg dhaoiñ'
 'Nuair a bha iad's an t-saoghal thruagh.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceol
 Nach teid mhiasgadh le brón;
 Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran nuadh,
 Clú is onoir is glór
 Do'n ti bha marbh is tha beo,
 A shaor sinne o'n doruinn bhuan.

She awoke with a start,
 Crying, "Love of my heart!"
 What ails thee? Thou art not dead!
 And she fondled me so,
 She would not let me go
 Till my life, ebbing low, had fled.

When they closed my young eyes,
 Angels came from the skies,
 And they made me to rise above;
 Oh, swift was our flight
 Through the valleys of night,
 And I now dwell in light and love.

Could my parents conceive
 What joys I receive,
 They never would grieve for me;
 They would long to appear
 With the holy ones here,
 Where such fellowship dear can be;

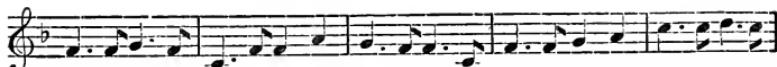
Saints from many a place
 Assembled by grace,
 From each nation and race below;
 And such love in them swells
 As on earth never dwells,
 And pure gladness dispels their woe.

Free from discords of pain,
 We hear the sweet strain,
 Which shall ever remain a new song;
 A new song which we raise
 To our Saviour always,
 To whom honour and praise belong.

18—MORACHÓ DHE—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY. { S, | d :-d | s : s, | d :-r | m :-d | m :-m | s : m | m :-r | m :-d | m :-m | r : s, }
F. { Co | chuardaicheas do | whith a Dhè! An | dòimhne'shning gach | reusan suas; 'N an | oidhirpibh | tha |
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



{ d :-d | r :-d | s, :-d | d : m | r :-d | d :-s, | d :-d | r : m | s :-s | l :-s }
 { aingle's daoin' Mar | shligean maorach | glacadh chuan. O bhith-bhuantachd tha thus'a'd Righ 'Sni }
 shells that fain Would all the mighty ocean drink. Thou hast been King, O God, for aye; Thy



{ d :-d | r : m | d :-l | s :-s | s :-r | m : s | l :-s | s :-s | d :-r | m : s | r :-d | d :- }
 { ubhell's an-t-saogh's ach | nl o'n dè; O's beag an eadhraith | chualas dot, 'S cha | mbòr do'ghnioimh a ta fön ghréin. }
 history has been lit - tie told; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gu neo-ni rist,
 'S gach ni fa chuaire a soluis mhòir;
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn uath,
 'S bhiodh n' cuan ag ionndrainn sileadh 'mheoir.
 An cruthach' cha dean le uile ghlòir,
 Lan-fhoilseachadh air Dia nam feart;
 Cha 'n eil 's na h-oibre ud gu léir,
 Ach taisbean earlaist air a neart.

Le'r tuigse thane's diomhainn duinn
 Bhi sgrùadhadh 'chuan a ta gun chrloch;
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainnm ar Dé,
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan i.
 Oir ni bheil dadum coltach riut,
 Am measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,
 'S am measg nan daoine ni bheil cainnt
 A dh' innseas t' ainnm ach t' fhacal fein.

The sun and all things that exist
 Within its circling light, would be
 From Thy vast works as little missed
 As tiny drop from brimming sea.
 Creation, glorious though it be,
 Brings not the power of God to light,
 For all His works that we can see
 Give but an earnest of His might.

Our shallow minds in vain explore
 This fathomless and shoreless main;
 One letter of God's name is more
 Than human reason can sustain.
 Nought is there like Thyself among
 The works which Thou of old didst frame;
 Nor is there speech on human tongue,
 But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

14—EARBS' A CHRIOSDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Slow and with feeling.



KEY f. l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | d : - . d | s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : - . l | d : t₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : r | m : - . }
B.D. Dhla, dean mo phlanndach annu an Criosd, 'S mo chrionach! bristidh mach le blath,
Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,



f. m | s : m | r : - . d | r : m | s₁ : - . s₁ | l₁ : d | m : - . r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - . ||
Is bi'dh gach subhaile 's naomha gleus Mar mheas a lùb mo gheug gu lär!
Weighed down to earth its boughs shall be, With graces as with fruits unpriced!

Mo smuaintean talinhdh tog gu nèamb,
Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,
A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile nam,
'S a shaoras mi o uamhunn bàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuin,
Is beucadhl torann chruaidh nan speur;
Thigeadh crith-thalmhuinn, gort, is plàigh,
Bhios 'roinn a' bhàis gach taobh a théid.

Bi thus' a'd Dhia do m'anam fèin,
'S bi'dh iad gu léir dhomh 'n chìrdeas gràidh;
Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,
Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phàigh.

Am feadh bhios eumhachd ann ad làimh,
Bi'dh mise stàbhailt' o gach ole:
'S cha 'n eagal leam gu 'm bi mi 'n dith
Gu slorruidh no gu 'n fas thu bochd.

Mo dhùrachd, m' eagal, 's m' uile mhiann
A'm Dhia tha còmhlichadh gu léir;
Oir nèambh, is talamh, 's ifrinn shios,
A ta iad do mo Righ-s' a' géill'.

Oh, grant an earnest of Thy love,
Which shall me from life's terrors save,
And all the horrors of the grave,
And raise my thoughts to heaven above.

Then let the billows rise in pride,
Let thunders through the heavens roar,
Come earthquakes, plagues, and famines sore,
Dispensing death on every side;

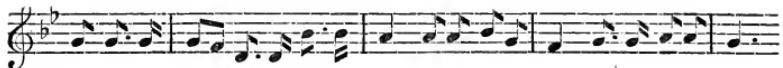
Be Thou the God of my poor soul,
Their friendship I shall then enjoy;
No sea can drown, nor plague destroy,
Nor fire burn, but with Thy control.

While Thou hast power in Thine arm,
From every ill I am secure,
And as my God can ne'er be poor,
Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

My hope, desire, and fear for aye
Shall in my God concentrated dwell,
For heaven and earth and lowest hell
Shall my Almighty King obey.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.

15—GRADH M' FHEAR-SAORAIHD—MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



KEY f. *l₁* : *l₁*, *l₁* | *l₁*, *s₁* : *m₁*, *m₁* : *d*, *d* | *t₁* : *t₁*, *t₁* : *d*, *l₁* | *s₁* : *l₁*, *l₁* : *t₁*, *t₁* | *l₁* : - }
B.P. { 'S e gradh m' Fhir-snor - aith a bides 'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu choir dhomh bli deanamh sgéul;
 My Saviour's love shall be still my stony. It is my music while here below;



{. *t₁* : *d*, *l₁* | *l₁*, *s₁* : *m₁*, *m₁* : *d*, *d* | *t₁* : *t₁*, *t₁* : *d*, *l₁* | *s₁* : *l₁*, *l₁* : *t₁*, *t₁* | *l₁* : - } ||
 'O'n 's e thug coir dhomh le fhuil a dhordadh. Air saorsa ghloirmhor a chloinne fein,
 'S nuair theid mi dhachaidh a gleann nan deoir so 'Se sud mo cheol anns an t-saoghal chein.
 He bought me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death saved my soul from woe.
 And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.

D.S.



{. *l₁* : *d*, *r* | *m* : *m*, *l₁* : *t₁*, *d* | *r* : *r*, *t₁* : *d*, *r* | *m* : *m*, *r* : *d*, *t₁*, *l₁* : - } ||
 'Se sud an t-oran a bheir dhomh | solas Cho fad's is beo mi 's a chruinne-chlé;
 What can console me when heavy - hearted, But this sweet song of His gracious love?

Tha mi an dochas a dhol 'n a chodhail
 Anns na neoil 'nuair a thig e fein,
 'S ni'n sealladh mor sin de agaibh ghloirmhor
 Na h-uile bron a chur uam is deur.
 The doimhne's aird' ann an gradh an t-Slanugh'r
 Nach gabh aireamh no cur an ceil';
 Ach chi sinn moran 'n a bhreith 'n a bhas deth,
 Is chi sinn pairt deth's 'n a h-uile ceum.

Bu Duine bronach air iomadh doigh e,
 O 'n uair a thoisich a thuras sgith;
 Air son a ghráidh thiad iad fuath gu leoir dha,
 'S bha iad 'g a fhoghradh o thir gu tir.
 Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte
 Chuir e an naire ann an neoir-brigh';
 'S le meud a ghráidh dhuihn ghabh e ar nadur
 A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd isle.

Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacach Adhamh,
 'N uair thug e 'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,
 'S ann rinn an Slanughinear gach ni an aird
 'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [dheth],
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhachd bais
 Leig e bheatha mhùin, deanamh 'n aird na reit';
 Is chum a bhraithrean a thoirt gu Parras
 Dh' fhuingil e 'm bas air a chranna-cheus.

My sweetest hope is at last to meet Him
 When in the clouds His blest form appears;
 That sight most glorious, when I shall greet HIm,
 Shall wholly banish my griefs and tears.
 The love of Jesus, that boundless treasure,
 Has depths and heights that can ne'er be known;
 Its strong endurance we ne'er can measure,
 Though in His sufferings so much was shown;

A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,
 The scoff and scorn of an evil race,
 Who for His love with fierce hate repaid HIm
 As they pursued Him from place to place;
 But such His joy in our soul's salvation,
 That He despised all the pain and shame,
 And to redeem us from condemnation,
 He in the nature of sinners came.

In that same nature that we inherit
 From our first father, all stained with sin,
 Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,
 A great salvation for sinners win.
 To reconcile u His flesh was riven
 From death to save us He came and died
 And to bring brethren from earth to heaven
 He bore our sins and was crucified.

16—GEARAN NAN GAIDHEAL—THE CRY OF THE GAEL.

KEY. 1 | d' ,t : l : s ,m | l ,t : d' : r' ,d' | t ,l : s : s ,s | l ,s : s : - . }
 C. { San t-seannu scanachas bha Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaoine b'ainmig an leithid ann,
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft victor - ious in fields of fight;

.1 | d' ,t : l : s ,m | l ,t : d' : d' ,d' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : r' : - . }
 { Le gaisc is crualad, is creach air uairibh, 's bha'm full co uaibhreach toirt buaidh daibh ann
 Their strength was proudest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;

.s. d' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : r' : d' ,r' | m' ,r' : d' : l ,l | l ,m : s : - . }
 { Gun twigs gun chiall ac' mu thimchollios riordhachd 's cha chual iad diadhachd bhi idir ann,
 But in their rudeness they knew not goodness, No godly fear in their hearts was found,

.s | l ,l : r' : r' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : d' : r' ,d' | t ,l : l : - . }
 { Ach baist' is posadh is suidh aig ordugh'n, Be'sud an dochas a bha'n an ceann.
 Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

Bhitheadh eagal mor ora ro' na boicain,
 'S iad faicinn moran diubh nach bithheadh ann,
 Bhitheadh gisreag' sorrachaean is seachnadh
 chomhlaichean
 Is Moran seolaidean faoin' an ceann.
 An sluaigh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,
 Mar theid na bruidean a ghabhail tamh,
 Gun leughadh gun urnaigh, gun seinn air clu dha,
 'S b' sud an duchas bha measg nan Gàidheal!
 A Righ nan Sluagh! 's e's fearr 'an uair so,
 Bhi sealntuim suas riut a'd ionad tamh;
 'S mar eisd an sluaigh ruin, a Righ, gabh truas
 'S ar gearan truagh thigeadh ann do lath'r; [dhiinn,
 O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,
 Thoir duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghras,
 Ach cia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin?
 'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinn sinn tair.
 Ach c'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?
 Cha'n eil fo'n ghréin na ni dhuiinn sta,
 Ach Uan Dè o'n e phaigh an eirc
 Le meud an eifeachd a bha'n a bhas.
 Ma gheibh sunn, sceul air's gun dean sinn feum
 'S gun dean thar eiseachd ruin a sgath, [dhet,
 Bidh sinn fo dhionn theid sinn as o phiantaibh,
 A seinn gu siorrhuidh air olu do ghras.

With minds in error, they thought with terror
 Of shapes unearthly and dark alarms,
 But sought salvation in incantation
 In spells unholy and mystic charms.
 A people careless, profane and prayerless,
 Were like the beasts in the dewy dale;
 No Bible reading, no praise or pleading—
 Such was the custom among the Gael.

O King of Nations! our supplications
 Are now directed unto Thy throne;
 Lord, in Thy kindness, remove our blindness,
 For all our hope is in Thee alone!
 Thou only livest, Thou pardon givest,
 Oh, do Thou show us Thy gracious face;
 Forgive us wholly the sin and folly
 That dared despise all Thy love and grace.

For God who made us alone can aid us,
 We have no helper but Thee alone;
 'Tis only Jesus that can release us
 Through the redemption that He has won.
 If we believe Him and so receive Him,
 And Thou shalt hear us through His dear name,
 Thy wings shall hide us whate'er betide us,
 And we shall ever Thy praise proclaim.

From the hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. M. The tune to which it is sung has been noted down for this collection.



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